

The bedroom door was locked, completing the soundproof seal that would keep the neighbors from complaining too much about what was going on inside their bedroom. The couple had learned their lessons from the last few times they'd gone overboard and had the police called on them for "disrupting the peace", whatever that meant, and seeing as they weren't going to *stop* engaging in their favourite roleplay, some investment in soundproof foam was required. With their sanctum thus prepared, Andy climbed onto the bed that Rebecca was waiting for him on, his legs on either side of her, his hands on his hips; that night, he had decided *not* to look down, preferring instead to move forward just enough that his cock and balls hung close to his partner's face, giving her something to go off from when it came time to turn on the praise, for that was the whole point of the exercise: Andy got to experience what it was like to be treated like a breeder god, Rebecca got to live out her fantasies of being a pliable, obedient submissive to a deity of incalculable power, and then the two of them could fuck hard enough not to be able to walk properly before collapsing from exhaustion and waking up feeling sore the day after, just like every other time. They didn't even bother wearing clothes around the house anymore, what with Rebecca insisting that they take their roleplay to a new level and incorporate it into every aspect of their domestic life, leaving the "harder" stuff for the bedroom. Hence why the door was locked.

Once in place, all Andy had to do was stand proud and display his junk for his mate to play with, counting the minutes until her hands began to explore other parts of him; the fox made sure to keep his body in tip-top shape just for Rebecca, knowing as he did how much she adored tracing her fingers across his well-defined, toned musculature, rock-solid pecs and cheese-grating abs. It took a lot of time out of his day to keep that physique, but it was all worth it in the end; not just for how much his partner swooned at the mere sight of him, but also the fact that nothing he wore fit him anymore, and any shirt he managed to put on would be so skintight that pretty much everyone he met had to either stare at him or comment on how much of a hunk he was. Months, *years* of dedication had gone into chiselling that perfect body, and now he was reaping the benefits from it on a daily basis; he couldn't be happier.

As usual, things started off pretty tame, with Rebecca moaning like a needy slut as she pressed her face against his shaft and cupped both of his nuts with her hands, rubbing herself against it as she barely managed to put two words together, let alone form coherent sentences. Long gone were the days where she would shower him in verbal praise, proclaiming him to be a god amongst men, a titan of perfection unsurpassed by any other; Andy would be lying if he said he didn't miss it in some degree, but this new version of his mate was quite a bit more enjoyable in its own way, if he had to be honest. No words, no time wasted, just getting down to what mattered without a moment's hesitation, shoving her face against his base and basking in the strong, musky scent as her ability to think coherent thoughts was slowly chipped away and replaced with blind obedience and a delectably malleable, submissive mindstate. He liked to carefully move his hand behind her head just so he could push her even closer, at times flattening

the side of her head against his package in order for her to hear his heartbeat through it; the sight of Rebecca literally drooling as her eyes grew glazed and unfocused did more for him than any word of adoration could, and he *lived* for those moments, *lived* for the realization that this woman, who had once been as feisty in the bedroom as him, was now more than happy to lie there and obey any command he might give her, even if she liked to pretend it was all roleplay once the locked door was open again. But Andy knew better; it hadn't been him who suggested they take the "roleplay" to the rest of their daily routine after all, nor had it been him who made it a habit of splaying all over his body and begging to be fucked like an animal. That was all Rebecca, and as much as she liked to claim otherwise, it was clear that her submissiveness had transcended the realm of fantasy and become a fundamental part of her. Just as he liked it.

That night felt different, however. The hunky fox didn't quite know why or how, but it wasn't like any other of their bedroom roleplay sessions; he had already felt surprisingly good that day, far more than usual, to the point where it was beginning to genuinely concern him. Had someone spiked his drink with something? He didn't *usually* feel like he could walk up to a car and lift it up, nor did he normally *want* to do it just to prove he could; yet, for some reason, that day had been filled with those sorts of thoughts, with him wanting to show off to everyone who could see him that he was, indeed, a burgeoning fox god who could take all comers and come out the other end without even breaking a sweat. This extended to the bedroom as well, with his ministrations being significantly rougher than usual; Rebecca wasn't being harmed, but she never quite had her head stuffed against those balls that hard before, nor had she had the opportunity to hear them churning so loudly, nor had she felt her mate's cock throbbing so powerfully. To be frank, it was the vixen who felt it coming before the fox did, given that the latter was too busy biting his tongue to keep himself from moaning like a desperate, horny slut himself.

The first change came when Rebecca allowed herself the luxury of licking that massive rod, turgid and hardened to the point where, if she were stupid enough to take it into her mouth, it could probably bulge out a significant chunk of her throat. Instead, the vixen ran her tongue from the very base up to the top, marvelling at the sounds it was making; its leathery skin creaked and groaned like plastic being stretched, and indeed Rebecca couldn't help but notice that it took her a little bit more time to reach the tip than it usually did, almost as if her licking the damned thing had made it grow longer. The two balls she held in her hands were heavier as well, weighing down just enough that she could tell the difference; whatever was happening to Andy's body, he was finally becoming as virile as she liked to imagine him being, so she wasn't going to say anything to complain, lest it... well, stop. That'd be terrible.

The rest of Andy wasn't too far behind, though not as exaggerated as his male assets had been, seeing as his physique was already as close to perfect as a mortal man could be; still, there were a few blemishes that could be fixed, minor imperfections that stood in the way of him

becoming a perfect ten, not to mention a little more padding along the biceps just to make sure his muscles were the *real* center of attention, not that throbbing cock of his. With a single breath, Andy's torso expanded to make room for even more muscle mass, his arms growing thicker and more powerful, along with his legs gaining enough weight to make the bed groan underneath the strain of it; very little of it was fat, giving him an Adonis-like appearance that only made Rebecca's ability to resist his allure fail even harder than before. The vixen *wanted* to say something, but no matter how hard she tried, nothing came out but incoherent babbling and pseudo-words that sounded suspiciously like her murmuring "big..." over and over again; as far as Andy was concerned, this was exactly what he was looking for in his mate, and the fox was so engrossed in the sudden display of adulation that he failed to notice how his body was changing right in front of his eyes.

The sense of power didn't go away though, and neither did the sounds coming from his bed; as much as Andy might be blind to the fact that he was now growing outwards at a steady pace, he couldn't ignore the thing he was standing on complaining so loudly about the extra weight. He briefly considered hopping off and just rutting his mate against the ground when he heard something crack, and a split-second later the mattress was in a short freefall towards the floor; his balance destroyed, Andy fell forwards onto it, forcing his lover onto her back and flattening his cock and balls against her face. All the air was knocked out of his lungs on landing, but somehow that didn't leave him gasping for breath; if anything, when he inhaled afterwards he felt better than ever, like he could spring back to his feet in record time and have enough energy to skullfuck his partner several times over before beginning to feel tired, a partner that was, by that point, still squirming around underneath him, taking the opportunity provided by his fall to indiscriminately lick and nibble at his most sensitive parts while moaning so loudly that it didn't even sound muffled at all.

Only after getting back on his feet did Andy come to understand that something was definitely off about his body, mostly because he hit the top of his head against the ceiling before straightening his back out. It took him a second to process, during which he wondered if the mattress had fallen upwards somehow, after which he let out a quick yelp, took a tumbling step backwards, then crash-landed on his wardrobe a moment later, turning it into a pile of wooden splinters and seriously weakening the structural stability of the wall behind it. Cracks radiated from the impact zone, and though the fox should, by all accounts, have been injured by the fall, there wasn't even a single scratch on his skin. In fact, after scrambling to a standing position, he found that he couldn't even stand up straight *at all* despite being on the floor, his neck forced to bend due to him being so tall. He looked down at himself, trying to come up with an explanation, only to find... nothing. Nothing but his own colossal, room-dominating body and Rebecca staring at him from below, openly drooling and looking like she was about to faint from overstimulation. He himself could barely comprehend what was going on, but ultimately decided

to roll with it and carry on with the roleplay; after all, now that he *was* the sort of colossus that he loved to portray himself as, it was only fair!

“Well, it would appear that your *gracious god* has decided to bless you with his presence,” he declared, Rebecca swooning in response, “but such a boon does not come without a cost; merciful though I may be, to show myself to such a loyal subject still requires a price...”

Said price was the usual: move forward and allow the vixen to wrap her hands around his cock and do with it as she pleased, usually slobbering all over it while her hands alternated between pumping its length and squeezing the nuts next to it. The biggest difference was literally in size; while it used to be that his shaft and orbs were big enough that Rebecca could grab whole handfuls of it, now it was... somewhere beyond it. Not only was it much larger in absolute terms, what with Andy now being taller than his room, but it was bigger than it used to be proportionately; while beforehand it might've reached his belly button if he pressed it against himself, now it rose slightly beyond it, not to mention the extra thickness as well, with the two pendulous orbs beneath it each being about the size of a ripe watermelon each. It made for a sensitive package, and one that reacted almost instantly to even the slightest of touches with so many electric signals that the fox giant's pleasure centers were in danger of becoming overloaded, but... but he didn't want it to stop. If anything, he wanted more of it, and felt as if this sudden transformation was naught but the *start* of something greater; if he'd gotten that far already, who was going to stop him from becoming even bigger?

Thus, he took a step forward, his cock looming over his tinier mate. He silently pointed at it, then at the vixen, signalling for her to get up and get to work on it; Rebecca didn't need to be told twice, dutifully balancing on her shaky legs and practically collapsing forwards onto that rod of turgid cockmeat, her eyes rolling upwards into her skull when the powerfully masculine scent hit her. Almost immediately afterwards, Andy felt his body growing tight all over, like air had been pumped into him and his skin had been stretched to the breaking point; he could hear his muscles creaking and popping as more mass was deposited into them, every ounce of unnecessary fat burned away from him as his shoulders widened, his legs thickened, and his overall frame rose ever higher towards the heavens. Now he had to press the top half of his back against the ceiling rather than just his head, and feared that any movement might cause the whole thing to collapse; that said, on the other hand, he was now holding up the floor above him with nothing but raw muscle power, and he found that to be so unbearably arousing that his body reacted by giving him yet *another* size boost, resulting in a very horny-sounding Andy smashing his hands against the wall in front of him and very literally piercing through to the other side, collapsing large chunks of it in a cloud of plaster that covered most of their kitchen. The whole room was rumbling by that point, courtesy of the fox's body becoming unsustainably large, and it wouldn't take long before chunks of the ceiling began to fall down, the radial cracks spreading wider and wider until they could no longer hold back; with a loud, horrifying grinding noise, the

upper floor came crashing down around them, screaming erupting from the distance as their upstairs neighbor narrowly avoided falling in as well. Thankfully, Andy's body had become large enough that he prevented most of it from falling on top of Rebecca's head; the vixen was still safe and sound beneath his care, and now *he* had more room to stand up straight and get his back in order... only to immediately bump his head against the ceiling two floors above.

Things were going a lot faster than he thought they would, but that didn't stop him in the slightest; if anything, suddenly being turned into a literal giant only further incentivized him to play along with whatever was happening, even with Rebecca becoming increasingly unable to service him properly. There was only so much the vixen could do, given that she wasn't also growing alongside him, but bless her heart, she still tried; jumping up, she held onto her lover's shaft and struggled to bring her feet up as well, hanging off of it for dear life as Andy's body continued to groan loudly enough that he could barely hear his own thoughts, let alone the panicked screaming that erupted all around him. It wasn't just his upstairs neighbor anymore, but most of the building, given that he had just knocked out a substantial amount of its inner frame and the whole thing was on the verge of collapsing at the slightest disturbance; a throng of terrified tenants flooded the streets outside, trampling over one another to get as far away from the future disaster area as possible, all while the fox god responsible for it continued to crumble the building itself from within, finding it to be ever more cramped with each passing moment.

With his overall shape more or less settled for the time being, it was apparently time for him to just grow outwards in every direction, becoming taller, wider, stronger, too big for his prior home, too big for every home around it even; two floors were cleared, then three, both of his arms scraping against opposite sides of the apartment block, and yet he didn't feel any of it. Andy would've expected cuts, scratches or bruises, especially with the amount of glass that he was tearing through, but it was almost as if all the damage and debris just bounced off of him harmlessly, leaving his physical avatar as perfect and unblemished as it *should* be. Even when large blocks of concrete fell on his head, he barely felt them; the tiny things broke in half on impact, shattered into pieces when falling onto his shoulders and were then ground into dust after being trapped between one of his arms and some other solid surface. From the outside, all that anyone could see was a growing cloud of dust, puffs of it firing off from windows that only showed something big, orange-brown and curiously fluffy growing upwards inside the hollow interior of what had been their house just moments ago. From within, they could hear Andy's roars, the fox unable to control himself or his need to vocalize, the arousal being too strong to hold within himself; he had to let the world know what he felt, not only for its own sake, but to assert himself as their new, undisputed ruler, because it wasn't about size anymore.

Part of the roleplay between himself and Rebecca had been about power, after all. The power to do whatever he so desired, the exultation of his grandiose station as the master of all that existed, a titan of awesome power that could crush planets in his grip, but chose not to as part of

the whole “merciful god” act. And while that had been harmless fun and all, it had never gone past it... but now that he was truly becoming a colossus, even if it was just some elaborate, collective mass hallucination, who was going to stop him from doing exactly what he said he would do? Who was going to stand in his way and tell him he *couldn't* become the ruler of all that was? Assuming that he just kept growing, then there was literally nothing anyone could do at all, and soon he would be traversing the space between entire cities with a single step, displaying himself to everyone that lived and letting them know, in no uncertain terms, who the new boss was. The vixen, meanwhile, was still holding onto his shaft for dear life, but apparently decided for a brand new approach: rather than fighting against gravity all the time, she had wrapped both arms and legs around as much of his girth as she could, then shifted around so that her back was against his front; this way, Rebecca was constantly being smushed against her very own fox god, squished between his rock-solid abs and even harder shaft, a perfect place to be once the latter grew so much she couldn't even reach the other side of it even while extending her arms as far as they went.

“Bigger...” he told himself, growling all the while, “Not enough... bigger!”

It was a command, one for his body to obey if it knew what was best for it. Not enough for him to simply *become* larger, Andy had to make sure the whole world knew about it!

“Bigger!” the fox god shouted, “Bring the house down!”

It was all a matter of time. The building was crumbling around him, the load-bearing walls were a thing of the past, and all that was needed was for him to get done with one, final push to utterly destroy whatever was left of the structure. The crowd outside wouldn't have to worry about falling debris; when Andy was done, outstretching his arms, arching his back forward and letting loose a growl-turned-roar of such deafening intensity that it shattered glass in a mile-wide radius, there wouldn't *be* any debris to fall on anyone, the only thing left of the once-large apartment block being floating specks of dust and the occasional bit of plaster that miraculously escaped the final burst. The fox giant emerged from within his “cocoon”, head thrown back and staring at the heavens; as he waited there, breathing in deeply and waiting for his heart to slow down, Andy contemplated what he was looking at. The deep, blue sky, stretching up and out towards an infinite universe that no one had yet claimed. He could still feel himself becoming bigger, more powerful; his muscles were still bulking up, his physique further refining itself as it went from merely athletic and muscular to that of a true bodybuilder, not only being capable of snapping steel beams between two fingers but *looking* like he could do so as well. His package was something extraordinary as well, given that it just kept up creeping up his torso and becoming heavier down below at the same time, until he was left with a pair of palm-filling orbs (for his own palms, at least) and a cock big enough that poor Rebecca could barely measure up to its length. Not that the vixen was complaining about it; being stuck between a shaft of that size

and a fox of Andy's stature was the closest she'd ever gotten to a true dream come true. And maybe it was her continued worship, or the fact that the tiny ones all around him were starting to come around to the idea of having a giant such as him to throw their praise at, but Andy was *feeling* the raw, burning pleasure of being adored as a living avatar of perfection; so much so that the first thing he did after getting his bearings back was turn towards the crowd... and proceed to show off.

He didn't have to do much, just a couple of steps towards them and a simple pose to frame that massive, throbbing cock of his against a body that just kept getting wider and thicker in all the right ways. He felt like he could lift an entire city up on one arm and come out of it complaining about how easy it was... and judging by how things were going, he probably *would* be doing that before the day was out! So why not take advantage of this and make sure everyone around him knew exactly who they were dealing with by making himself look even taller than he already was? A feat, to be sure, given that he was already higher up than his old apartment building, and still kept on packing more and more size regardless of what he did; either standing still or deliberately flexing, his body continued to expand and engorge, becoming more like the image of his perfect self with every second that passed.

"Your god beckons," he proclaimed, allowing his voice to travel over the rooftops and boom into the distance, shattering glass in the closest buildings, "and you will answer."

To say that Andy was undergoing a slight bit of a power trip would be a massive understatement; his head was little more than demands for greater size and more power, shouted at himself on a loop. It made it hard to focus, really, unless he was externalizing it in some way.

"This world belongs to *me* now," he kept going, no longer thinking on whether he sounded imposing or was just trying too hard, "and you will obey every command you receive."

The crowd gathered at his feet, not knowing how to react to what was happening in front of them, went through a rather complicated turnaround in terms of emotions, from terrified fright, to inexplicable interest, to tacit acceptance and then finally full-on adoration. Just like with Rebecca, all the other little ones came to understand that Andy was their new god, their new divine ruler who would usher in a brand new golden age or... something of the sort; they were free to come up with their own interpretation of how the events would pan out, the fox god wasn't about to get bogged down in theological questions. As long as his worshippers deferred to him as their deity, then he couldn't care less about what they thought of him... and if that held true, then why was he even wasting time looking at them? He had a whole city to lord over, and then a whole world, and there he was showing off a single building's worth of tiny little insignificant specks and whoever else happened to be nearby. Grinning madly to himself, he

readjusted his shaft to keep his precious vixen close to him, turned around, and then walked down the street towards the downtown area.

At first, his head just barely poked up from the tops of the buildings around him, barely enough for him to get a good look at the city's skyline while moving towards the centermost part of it. With each step he took, however, that deficiency was "corrected", with his body growing upwards inch after inch, the divine avatar of perfection that was his physical form becoming ever stronger, until he had to start pushing those buildings away from him just to have enough room to walk through. Soon, he wouldn't merely be peeking out from over the rooftops, but towering over them, looming over the entirety of the urban jungle, all while wrecking any and all structures that happened to be in the way. He no longer cared if anyone was inside those things, nor did he have the time to consider if anyone might have an issue with him *becoming* the god he was always meant to be. As far as Andy cared, this was his ascension, and if anyone had a problem with that, they could take it up with him in order to be ignored and stepped on... something that had become the norm for quite a few people underneath him, seeing as his paws were now big enough to effectively flatten anything they might step on, leaving him with an enormous amount of tiny ones clinging to his soft pads and slowly losing their minds to the comfort of it. Once more, he didn't particularly *care*; just as long as they kept worshipping him, they could do it in any way they saw fit. Besides, none of them were Rebecca.

The vixen had consistently been the most fervent of admirers in the short time since the fox god had embraced his new divinity, and despite the fact that she was now woefully undersized compared to him, she hadn't given up trying to service him with as much excitement and gusto as she had up until then. Even when her body became naught but a fraction of the size of Andy's shaft, Rebecca kept on rubbing herself all over it, using every muscle in her body to indulge in the quasi-obscene excess of it all; even from up above, her partner could hear her lustful moans, her begging for more, her voice cracking as the yips and yelps turned into nonsense words that barely resembled language. Safe between the veiny pillar of cockmeat and a set of abs so sturdy that her back hurt from being grinded against them, all the vixen *could* do was surrender herself to pleasure of it all, unable to think properly, unable to bring her mind to bear and do anything more than flail around and hope that would do... something. It was unclear what it was she expected to accomplish, but Andy had to appreciate the attempt, even if it wasn't all that much compared to everything else he was feeling; no matter how hard Rebecca tried, nothing could ever compare to the feeling of absolute power and dominance that came with having a body like this. Whenever he flexed, he heard his biceps groan loudly as more mass was added onto them. Whenever he tensed up he could feel all of his body bulging out, making him look more and more like a career bodybuilder with a knack for self-sculpting. And whenever he brought his hands to his cock, it grew just the smallest bit more compared to his body, until he sported a rod of such colossal dimensions that he could probably use a skyscraper for a condom and it would feel too tight on him.



But even that wasn't enough. He could tower over a whole city, casting a shadow that kept it permanently in the dark, and that still wouldn't be enough, not because it wouldn't feel great, but precisely because it wasn't what he *deserved*. He could see it now, even if it had been hidden before: he hadn't just *become* a god, he had *always* been one. Why else would Rebecca have fallen so easily under his sway, insisting that they take their "roleplay" to their daily lives? Why else would that "roleplay" have even come to be, if not as a manifestation of a power that had always been there, lying in wait? And, perhaps most importantly, why else would that power have manifested itself, turning him into a colossus of immense proportions that turned everyone who saw him from a panicked, screaming mess into an obedient worshipper, ready to fall down on their knees and spend eternity lavishing praise upon him? It only made sense that this was exactly what he was always supposed to be, and reality was just now asserting itself, making right what had always been wrong.

"Mrrf..." the giant growled, even that tiny sound being enough to cause a small quake around them, "Keep out... out of my w-way..."

It was getting harder to resist it. Soon, he would be exploding with size and taking everything with him. One hand on top of a roof, another holding onto his own chest, he fought against the need to roar like a beast.

"I can f-feel it... g-gods, I can feel it burning... I c-can feel it... *bright... so tight...*"

It was inside of him. His growth had halted for the last few minutes, but it hadn't stopped, much less slowed down; rather, it had merely been keeping itself from manifesting, just so it could give Andy the sort of treat that he, as that world's new god, truly deserved. He wouldn't just be slowly going up by inches at a time, no; as soon as that dam broke, and it was going to break extremely soon, the city would most likely cease to exist altogether, flattened by a single paw as he ascended towards the heavens where he belonged. And from there, who knew where else he could go? The world was his oyster, his playground, his to do with whatever he pleased... and there with him, every step of the way, would be his loving Rebecca, his perfect vixen, his divine consort. So what if she wasn't as big as him? *Nothing* was as big as he was... or would be, at least. What mattered was that her love, her *devotion* had helped him become what he was always meant to be, and for that, he would be eternally grateful.

He breathed out, emptying his mind.

He was ready.

Today was the day of his ascension.